

THURSDAY

**Torrance Herald**

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF TORRANCE

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**THE HERALD'S PLATFORM FOR TORRANCE**

- 1—Ornamental Lighting System.
- 2—Interchange of Freight Between P. E. and Santa Fe.
- 3—Western Avenue Bus Line.
- 4—Hollywood - Palos Verdes Parkway.
- 5—New School North of Carson St.
- 6—Aviation Field.
- 7—Co-operation of All Torrance People, Firms, Industries and Other Agencies, to Induce Torrance Workmen to Live in Torrance.
- 8—The conduct of All Local Affairs in a Spirit of Neighborly Friendliness and Constructive Co-operation to the End That the Peace and Prosperity of All May Be Encouraged by an Alert Civic Consciousness and Patriotism.

**JENSEN AGAINST TORRANCE-LOMITA FIGHT**

ABOVE the mass of recriminations that are attending the campaign for justice of the peace of Lomita township stands the fact that Torrance should vote solidly for J. R. Jensen in order to guarantee justice to the entire township.

When we speak of justice to the entire township we mean justice to Lomita as well as to Torrance. Realizing that the office is a township and not a town office, Mr. Jensen recently went on record in favor of holding court in both Lomita and Torrance. If elected he will retain his office in Lomita for Lomita cases and conduct court in Torrance for Torrance cases. Because Torrance has a police force he also favors retention of the constables in Lomita.

Despite the fairness of these principles a group in Lomita is seeking to cast aspersions on Mr. Jensen and all of the individuals who are espousing his candidacy, claiming that Torrance is seeking to elect Mr. Jensen for selfish community reasons. In the light of Mr. Jensen's avowed intentions these claims are absurd. Mr. Jensen and his most ardent supporters have no issue with the people of Lomita. But because all who are supporting Mr. Jensen have been made subject of a hymn of hate, it now behooves the people of Torrance to vote for Mr. Jensen, not only because he is amply qualified for the office but as a rebuke to the unwarranted attacks against the decent citizens of Torrance.

During all of the heat of the campaign Mr. Jensen has kept his head. He does not consider himself a Torrance candidate as opposed to a man from Lomita, but as a township candidate wishing to represent all the people of the township, including the people of Lomita.

He will carry none of the campaign bitterness into the court room. On this point he is emphatic. Scores of voters in Lomita are for Jensen. They are for Jensen because they believe him an able attorney, and because they know he will not, as judge, favor one part of the township to the detriment of the other.

That Torrance will give Mr. Jensen a tremendous majority is evident. There may be a few who have lent an ear to the nasty recriminations that seep through to Torrance from a handful of citizens living to the south. To these let it be said that Mr. Jensen's campaign is clean; that he will not stoop to dirty politics in order to be elected; that some Lomitans are seeking to make the campaign a fight between Lomita and Torrance, but that Mr. Jensen and his supporters think too much of the future of this entire district to encourage tactics that will cause a permanent breach between the people who are going to live as community neighbors for a long time.

Rather than drive a wedge between the two communities that years would not remove, it were better to remain cool-headed and calm. It was for the sake of continued amity between Lomita and Torrance that Mr. Jensen agreed to hold court in both communities, giving Lomita as well as Torrance a square deal. Such fairness merits support both in Torrance and Lomita.

**TAX RATE SHOULD BE GIVEN BIG CUT**

THE HERALD believes that the municipal tax rate for next year should be as low as possible. During the past three years the city's return from municipal taxes has been slightly more than \$100,000. With this tax income the city has been able to pay for public improvements out of the general fund. The alleys in the residence district were paved out of the

year's taxes. In the same manner the cost of the new municipal building was met.

Next year no such improvements will be necessary. The city budget should be confined to maintenance and operation costs without the contemplation of any improvements to come out of the tax money.

To such a program the Board of Trustees are pledged. On such a program they were elected. And it goes without saying that they will carry out the program to the letter.

On Aug. 27 the people will vote on a proposition to impose a tax of 10 cents per \$100 of assessed valuation for city advertising and promotion purposes. Before that date the tax rate for next year will be fixed by the trustees and announced to the public.

Members of the board cannot now state just what the rate will be. The rate depends on the assessed valuation. What this valuation is the board does not now know, but advice is expected daily from the county. The trustees are safe, however, in announcing that the rate will be decreased from the prevailing 98 cents, even if the 10-cent promotional tax is approved by the voters.

The point of this editorial is to call to mind the fact that the watchword of the last municipal campaign was economy; that a substantial reduction in the local tax rate was promised; that such a reduction is possible, and that the exercise of strict economy will make the decrease substantial in every sense of the word.

**PEOPLE WILL DEDICATE CITY HALL**

THE people of Torrance will be asked to participate in the dedication of the new city building on Cravens avenue on Aug. 24. In arranging plans for a simple dedication program the trustees believe that the people of the city take a natural pride in the building and the fact that it is paid for completely.

The new building will save the city \$100 a month in rent. Serving now as a combined fire station and city hall it will be adequate for these purposes for some time to come.

A city is remembered by its public and semi-public buildings. The new Torrance municipal building is attractive. The party on Aug. 24 will be a big family affair. Everyone should attend.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Spenser of Glendale spent part of last week at the Thomas Scarvin home on Walnut street.

Mrs. S. A. Wheaton of Redondo boulevard was a business visitor in Los Angeles Thursday.

Miss Merle Kennedy of Arizona street and Mrs. Goldman of Wilmington left Saturday for a vacation at Catalina.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Neutebaum and Miss Melva Johnson, of 257th street, enjoyed a trip to Mt. Baldy Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Curry of 257th street were weekend visitors in San Bernardino.

Mrs. Alfred Rosenberg of Walnut street spent Monday with Mr. and Mrs. Sutton of San Pedro. Mr. and Mrs. Sutton have just returned from a visit to Mrs. Rosenberg's old home, Vancouver, B. C.

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**Motor Coach Company TIME TABLE**

Leave Torrance for Wilmington and Long Beach	Leave Long Beach for Torrance
7:00 A. M.	D-6:45 A. M.
8:15	7:40
* 9:15	10:00
10:20	10:40
11:20	11:40
12:20 P. M.	12:40 P. M.
1:20	1:40
2:20	2:40
3:15	3:40
4:20	4:45
5:20	5:40
6:25	6:45
7:20	S-7:45
9:20	8:45
S-11:25	10:50

D—Daily except Sundays and Holidays.  
S—Sunday only.  
\*Connects for Catalina Island.

**The One who forgot**

By RUBY M. AYRES

**BEGIN HERE TODAY**

PETER LYSTER lost his memory from shell shock in France. Upon his return to London he fails to recognize his own home.

NAN MARRABY, the girl to whom he is betrothed, Nan, broken-hearted, has returned home to care for her three motherless stepbrothers. She fails to heed the advice of her friend, JOAN ENDICOTT, that she encourage the love of Peter's friend and fellow officer, JOHN ARNOTT, with whom Peter is resting at the home of Arnott's widowed sister, not far from the Marraby estate. Nan is jealous of Arnott's sister, and although she hates HARLEY SEFTON, a money lender, who has told her that Peter is his debtor, she is on the point of accepting his offer of marriage in order to settle her future once for all and protect her father from threatened financial embarrassment.

Nan hears that Sefton is already married, and she is already engaged. In the village she meets an acquaintance, who invites her to help with a church function and then opines that Arnott's sister will soon marry Peter.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY  
NAN felt as if she were just a mechanical figure forcing herself to walk on, walk on, and not give way to the overpowering sense of weakness that seized her. Then the mist lifted, and out of the silence she heard herself saying politely:

"Really! How very interesting!"  
"One hears so much of these hasty weddings nowadays," Miss Dudeney went on. "I don't know that I agree with them myself. As a matter of fact, I believe the glamour of the uniform and the romance of parting is more than half responsible for such marriages. But... well—people must do as they like."

"Yes," said Nan stiffly, "people must do as they like."  
She echoed the older woman's words, parrot-like. Of course, it could not really be of Peter they were talking—it was some other man.

"And now do say you will come and help with the church decorations," Miss Dudeney said again, too, that they had reached the vicarage and had stopped at the gate. "As I told you, Mrs. Mears is coming, and her brother—perhaps you know Mr. Arnott?"

"Yes," said Nan.  
"And I daresay Mr. Lyster will come as well," Miss Dudeney went on. "They say he is devoted—perfectly devoted." Goodby, Miss Marraby."

"Goodby," said Nan; she just touched the thin, cotton-gloved hand before she turned and walked back.  
So Peter was going to marry Doris Mears.

"I always knew it," Nan told herself, not realizing that she spoke the words aloud. "Somehow I think I always knew it," she said again hopelessly.

She wondered if Arnott had known it that morning he came over and asked if there could be any hope for a man who was not Peter; she wondered if it had been an attempt on his part to save her from pain and humiliation.

"It was kind of him, anyway," she thought dreadingly; "very kind of him."  
Of course, all the parish knew by this time of Peter's engagement; she felt as if they must all know, too, that he had once loved her, and that she was broken-hearted.

The thought stung her; she would take the only way out and marry Harley Sefton.  
Nobody could be sorry for her then—Sefton was rich and sought after; he could give her money and everything she wanted. She wondered desperately if the things money could buy would deaden the pain in her heart. She would have a good time—she would go about and see the world—she would make herself forget.

"After all, it's no worse than it would have been if Peter had been killed," she told herself; but she knew that it was, a thousand times worse.  
"I wish I could die," she thought as she opened the little iron gate and walked up the garden path. The front door stood open—the little maid was hovering in the hall. "Please, miss, Mr. Sefton is here."

"Oh, is he?" she said stupidly. Then she began to laugh.  
She wondered if he knew of this dreadful thing that had come into her life.

She took the pins from her hat; she smoothed her rough hair; then she went on into the schoolroom. Sefton stood by the fireplace. He was reading a paper, but he laid it down when she came in. "Good evening!" he said.

"Good evening," Nan answered. She looked straight at him. He was not such a bad-looking man, she thought, and he was well dressed. Some women would be proud enough to have him for a husband apart from his money-bags. She wondered if she really thought that, or if she were just trying to make things as easy as possible for herself.

"I've been waiting half an hour," he said.  
"I'm sorry," Nan answered. He came a step toward her. "And—my answer?" he asked.

She raised her eyes to his. So blue they looked against the startling paleness of her face. There was something pathetic in her whole appearance, and unconsciously his expression softened.

"Are you going to marry me, Nan?" he asked gently.  
There was a little pause.



"Most women would go mad with delight over that."

well, you shall have your father's tomorrow, and Lyster—the day you marry me."

There was a note of determination in his voice, and Nan realized that this was the best she could hope for.

"Very well," she said. She stood twisting her hat. "And when shall we be married?" she asked.

There was no emotion in her voice; she did not care in the least how soon she was married. His face flushed.

"You are putting everything on a very mundane footing," he said uncomfortably. "You talk as if it were just a business arrangement."

"As it is—to me," she answered. "And there is another thing—the boys... I can't leave them, of course."

He frowned.  
"We can make some arrangement for them," he said quickly. "The two older ones can go to a boarding school—but I suppose the youngest is not old enough."

"Claude! Oh, I can't part from Claude."  
"I haven't asked you to part from him," he answered. "Some arrangement can be made. I hear your father is away."

"Yes; I don't know when he will be back."  
He half smiled.  
"He, at least, will be pleased."

"Yes," said Nan. "I told him before he went away that you had asked me to marry you."

He looked amazed.  
"You're a cool hand," he said, in faint amazement.

"If that's all you've got to say," she began.  
"But it isn't." He came closer. "Nan, I've brought you a ring—at least, I've brought several for you to choose from."

He took some little cases from his pocket and put them down on the table.  
"Nan made no attempt to open them."  
He waited a moment.

"Not interested?" he asked. He opened the snap of one case and showed her a magnificent half-hoop of diamonds. "Most women would go mad with delight over that," he said, with satisfaction.

"I don't care for diamonds," said Nan.  
She was wondering what she should do with Peter's ring.

"Why do you think I want you, then?"  
She shook her head.  
"I don't know—because you thought I would be hard to get, perhaps; some men are like that."

"I'm fond of you," he told her roughly. "I swear that I'm fond of you—I've never cared for anyone else in all my life."  
"I have," said Nan, with a queer little laugh.

He flung away from her impatiently.  
"It's that infernal fellow Lyster... Why can't you forget him? I should have thought you would have more pride than to go crying for a man who has treated you as he has. Make up your mind to forget him."

"If I hadn't," said Nan quickly. "I shouldn't have said I would marry you; and now if you're quite done with me I should like to go and put the boys to bed."

"You think more of those little devils than you do of me," he said jealously.  
She stood waiting with a sort of weary resignation; he had been right when he said that she seemed to have lost all her spirit; nothing he could say now seemed to have the power to rouse her.

He swept the little ring cases back into his pocket.  
"I'm going," he said roughly. But he came back almost at once; he looked at her with a sort of angry abasement.

"I'd do anything for you, Nan—anything," he said.  
He did not wait for her answer, and in another moment she heard the front door bang behind him.

(To Be Continued)

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